Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly?* how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal?* three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, What thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſ. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it; I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, What beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Falſ. What Beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn?* Why an Otter?

Falſ. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſayd this other day, You

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound *Hal?* a Million: thy loue is wo
Million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and ſaid hee w
cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardol?*

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

Pri. I ſay tis Copper: darſt thou be as good as thy word

Fal. Why *Hal?* thou knoweſt, as thou art but a man, I
but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring
Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelfe, is to be feared as the Lyon:
thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I
pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy k
But ſirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, i
boſome of thine; it is all filde vp with Guttes, and Midr
Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why
horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing
pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy
ſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make
long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other
ries but theſe, I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it
will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* thou knowſt in the ſtate of
cencie, *Adam* fell: & what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do
daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another
& therefore more frailty You confeſſe then you pickt my po

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfaſt
thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cheriſh thy Gheſtes
ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt
pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit H*
Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad? h
that anſwered?